all done, but I tried to make him " sit up " nicely like the chickens in the shops.

He came up to the table looking magnificent —almost turkey-like in Ms proportions.

€< Hasn't this chicken rather an odd smell ?" said our visitor.

" How can you ! " I answered. ″ It must be quite fresh—it's Sultan ! ″

However, when we began to carve, the smell grew more and more potent.

I *had cooked Sultan without taking out his in'ards /*

There was no dinner that day except bread-sauce, beautifully made, well-cooked vegetables, and pastry like the foam of the sea. I had a wonderful hand for pastry 1

My hour of rising at this pleasant place near Hackery End in Hertfordshire was six. Then I washed the babies. I had a perfect mania for *washing* everything and everybody. We had one little servant, and I insisted on washing her head. Her mother came up from the village to protest.

" Never washed her head in my life. Never washed any of my children's heads. And just look at their splendid hair!"

After the washing I fed the animals. There were two hundred ducks and fowls to feed, as well as the children. By the time I had done this, and cooked the dinner, the morning had flown away. After the midday meal I sewed. Sometimes I drove out in the pony-cart. And in the evening I \valkedacross the common to fetch the milk. The babies used to roam where they liked on this common

in charge of a bulldog, while I sat and read,

I studied cookery-books instead of parts—Mrs. Beeton instead of Shakespeare!

Of course, I thought my children the most brilliant and beautiful children in the world, and, indeed, " this side